OUR FATHERLESS ONES.

"Thou Art the Helper of the Fatherless."—Psalm 10:14.

Volume 19. Barium Springs, N. C., Thursday, July 24, 1913. Number. 17

THE MEASURE OF THE MAN

We measure mountains by the height they climb,
eyond the clouds, pierce the eternal blue,
We measure oceans by their waves sublime,
That kiss the far shores of many a clime,
We never knew.

We measure deeds by what they make us know,
Of life: it's lights and shadows by the way,
Each deed is touched with shadow or with glow,
Just as we live the hours from day to day,
We should be true.

We measure time by moments as they fly,
But in Heav'ns calender there is no time,
Men call "to-day," the hours that now go by,
Beyond these days no clock the hour shall chime,
For me, for you.

What then shall be the measure of the man,
Who would attain to human heights sublime?
Like some tall cliff whose top no eye can scan,
Far up, away from earthly sin and slime,
Beyond the blue.

He will be found: and like the master grown,
Will live from day to day, a life so high,
That master shall at last the likness own,
And bid him "come up higher," by and bye,
For he is true.

Wm. Laurie Hill

TWO KINDS OF BOYS.

"Come in, Teddy," call the little boy's mother.

"Oh, I don't want to—yet," whined the child, making another dash around the corner for the jewel-winged fireflies.

At the same moment another mother—the one who lived in the big, beautiful house next door to Teddy's ugly little brown cottage—called to her boy, Nat: "Come in, my son; it's your bedtime."

And, strange to say. he went in at once, with a pleasaant, "Yes, maam, I'm coming."

"Now, Ted, why can't you answer that way?" questioned grandma, "and come in cheerfully, like Nat does?"

"Oh, I have no pretty house like him. If I had a big, fine home to live in, I'd want to come in, you see."

Grandmamma shook her head. "The difference is in the boy, not the house! Why, one of the sweetest, most obedient little fellows I ever knew lived under a stump— or inside of one."

"Oh, grandmamma, you don't mean it!"

"But I do. And the boy never complained because it was all the home he had. but when called to come in—his Bedtime in summer was eight o'clock, too—he answered as pleasantly as Nat did a moment ago. So you can see for yourself it is not the house."

"Well. I don't see how anybody could live under a stump, much less like to do it," said Teddy, thoughtfully, coming close to her side.

"I'll tell you. A long time ago, some people came to the Northwest to take up a 'claim'—some land they had, and they were too busy to build a house at first; and so, with the help of a kind neighbor or two, the father hollowed out the big stump of a fir tree, just leaving enough for the walls. Then the family moved right in, and set up the scanty furniture they had brought along—a bed on one side, a cot on the other, for besides the parents there were two children, a girl and a boy. And they put two thick rugs on the floor and tacked red curtains to the windows, and a table with a lamp on it in the middle of the room, and"—

"Oh, my! How big was the stump?" asked Ted, his eyes full of wonder.

Well the room was fourteen feet one way and twelve another. And how the little boy loved his new home! There were some folks out there who lived in tents, and some in the sides of the mountains—'cliff dwellers,' you know. But Theodore—that was the boy's name—thought his home under the stump the nicest of all,"

"My papa's name is Theodore," said Teddy, musingly.

"Yes, and it was your papa who lived in the fir-tree stump, too, and who was a contented, good little boy, It's not the kind of a house you have that makes you whine you see, Teddy lad?"

The boy looked about the neat, cheerful room for a moment, then he said: "It's the kind of a—boy, and I'll smile next time. grandmamma."—Child's Gem.

LITTLE HELPERS

By RUBY A. ALSTON.

Elsie and Herbert Ashby were twins of nine years of age. They loved their mother passionately, and were always ready to do what they could to help her.

It was dinner time. Their mother had a headache, and so it was not surprising that two little heads were close together while they were making plans.

Suddenly Elsie said, "We do want to play housekeeping, so may we start now by washing the dishes? I can wash and Herbert can dry. You can lay down and be a lady visitor."

Mother knew, however, that it was the desire to help her her which had prompted this question, and she answered, with a pleasant glance at her children: "Certainly dears; and, Elsie, you can wear my big apron."

This was pleasure, indeed, to Elsie. She so often longed to wear that apron. "Why," she said, delightedly, "I will be like a real housekeeper."

So, with much merriment, the dishes were done, and the twins crept softly into their smother' room.

"Mother's asleep," said Herbert, and he pulled down the blind.

Then out to the garden they go. "What can we do now," said Elsie.

They stood and thought a minute, then Herbert said: "I know. We'll get in some sticks. and then pick some raspberries for tea."

Whentheir mother woke up she noted all the loving care which had been expended upon her and her headache all gone, she resolved to make that evening as pleasant as it was in her power to make it.

At tea time, the twins, bringing the raspberries which they had picked, saw that mother had made some of their favorite date scones, and these disappeared wonderfully quick.

Then, after tea, mother said: "Will the little housekeepers go into my room and bring out what they find on the table?"

So the twins went. "Oh, how lovely," was the cry that came from both of them as their eyes rested on a beautiful book.

So the rest of the evening was spent in reading in the new book, and they were quiet amazed when it was bedtime. When they were in bed Herbert said, "I say, Elsie, hasn't this been a jolly day? Mother must have known we were trying to help her, because she looks so pleased. I feel so happy, somehow."

"I know why," said Elsie. "We have done a 'good turn' to-day."—Ex.

HONEST BIRD.

"I like the looks of this parrot," said the lady in the bird store. "What is your price for him?"

The man noticed the rich apparel worn by his customer, and he judged that there was a chance to make a little "easy money," "Ten dollars," he said, with the slightest possible hesitation.

"Five dollars, madam," instantly croaked the parrot.

The lady looked at the proprietor, who had turned red. "He certeinly is a fine talker," she said; "I am willing to take him at his own valuation. Do I get him for that?"

"You do," answered the bird man sadly.—Selected.

..Too many anglers are fishing for success with no baits on their hooks.

Don,t forget to swat the fly

SPEAK YE COMFORTABLE WORDS

By Evelyn Orchard.

Two women met in the middle of a country road on a sweet spring afternoon, and being friendly, or at least acquainted—which, perhaps, better describes their relationship—stopped to talk. Neither was young. One was soft and middle-aged and comfortable, the other was angular and rather vinegary of aspect, and both had garrulous tongues.

"Good afternoon, Mrs, Newcombe," said the Rector's wife, who was the fat and comfortable one. "I was just strolling out to pay a call at the Manor Are you going into the town?"

"I was. Mrs. Sedgley; but I had nothing very particular to do, so we can walk back together, and you can have tea with me. At half-past five the cart will be going to the station to fetch the General, so you would get a drive back."

"Oh, thank you; that would be an excellent arrangement. Well ,if you are quite sure it will not be putting you out, I will do that. You know the sort of person I am, and how I dislike not to be able to carry out my little plans for the day."

Mrs. Newcombe smiled slightly, and perhaps a trifle significantly.

Everybody in Great Biglow knew Mrs. Sedley for a busybody, who simply loved to have her finger in every pie. She was not actively illnatured or vindictive; she may rather he described as a person without sense. And that is a very serious drawback in a parson's wife, especially when the parish is large, and representative of many differing interests.

It said much for the tact and great-heartedness of the Rev. Gilbert Sedgley that he had been able to keep a dignified position in spite of his wife, rather than by her aid. She was a well-born women, and had an inordinate pride. While bestowing on all the parishioners a certain amount of recognition, which some of them could very well have dispensed with, she drew the social lines hard and fast. The Newcombes were typical of those whom she counted as her friends in Great Biglow; all below that social status were mere incidents in Mrs. Sedgley's career. What had been left at birth was the milk of human kindness, and, though she had lived all her life in what she herself would have termed a Christain atmosphere it had not so much as touched her.

The charwoman who came three days a week to help in the back regions of the Rectory knew more of the spirit of the Lord Jesus than she.

Yet, to look at her, with her innocent blue eyes, pink-and-white face, which scarcely showed a line after nearly fifty years of life, one would have thought her incapable, naturally, of anything but kindness and charity. But on occasion venom could dwell upon her tongue.

"I wanted rather particularly to see you to-day, dear Mrs. Newcombe, because I am sure it is necessary for us to make up our minds about the people who have come to Little Bar Cottage. The Rector insists that I shall call; but one wants to know something first. We had quite an argument about it at luncheon to-day, and I told him it would be quite sufficient if he called in the meantime. You see, it is so difficult in a place like Great Biglow to undo things; don't you agree, dear Mrs. Newcombe.?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose, for some people. I have seen the woman at the Cottage; in fact, she came down on the same train as the General the other day, and he seemed rather taken with her. Men are, you know, with the type."

Mrs. Sedgley's eyes seemed to quicken with her step.

"Do tell me all about it, dear Mrs. Newcombe. Did she travel in the same carriage with the the General, and had she any of these ridiculous children with her? Have you ever noticed how women with children give themselves ridiculous airs?— just like the Scotch, whom everybody knows want to inherit the whole earth. I have no patience with them."

"They did not come in the same compartment, because I think she travels third class. Of course, she is quite poor; anyone can see that from her clothes. But the General helped her at the station with her bundles. She seemed to have piles of them, as the travelling thirds always have, and he kept talking about her on the way home. He told me to call, too; but, of course, I'm not doing anything of the sort in the meantime."

Suddenly a bright idea struck Mrs. Sedgley, and she stood still in the middle of the road.

"Dear Mrs. Newcombe, I have an idea. Let us not go out to the Manor just now, but back to the town, and pay a call together at Great Bar Cottage. Then we can see for ourselves; and you can come to tea with me after, and go on to the station in time to meet the General. The Rector has gone with the pony trap to Minden, and won't be home till six."

Mrs. Newcombe appeared to waver, but finally she agreed.

"The doctor has ordered me so much walking exercise every day to keep my liver in order. What a fag it is! So if I do as you suggest I'll have accomplished my duty."

"What a fag, indeed. Now if he had advised me to walk for my figure, there would have been more sense in it. But I don't mind. It is while one is struggling with one's figure that one minds. After one becomes resigned it doesn't matter."

They turned on the sunny road, and, facing the town, walked back, talking all the way. It was entirely of people they talked, dissecting the actions, motives, and shortcommings of those within the zone of their mutual acquaintance. And they had disposed of a considerable number by the time they reached the little old-world cottage behind its creepered walls on the Great Bar-road.

A girl about fifteen, with a face of haunting beauty, opened the door to them, and at once ushered them into a small sitting-room, very plainly furnished, where the woman they had come to see was cutting out garments at the table. She was tall and slim, and, though past her first youth, had a face which would win notice anywhere. It was not only beautiful in its features, but somewhat tragic in its expression, seeming to indicate that its owner had passed through much tribulation.

She turned quite composedly, greeted the two callers, placed chairs for them and herself, sat down, apparently not at all disconcerted by being caught at her work. Mrs. Newcombe left the principal part of the talking to Mrs. Sedgley, who immediately plunged.

"Mrs. Newcombe, wife of General Newcombe, of Ardley Manor, Mrs. Toyne," she said fussily. "We thought we would pay a call together to welcome you to Great Biglow. I hope you are comfortably settled, and that you like the town."

"The house is very comfortable," replied Mrs. Toyne quietly. "The place will not matter very much to me, What I wanted was a quiet town where I could live cheaply and find something to do. Great Biglow was recommended to me by my lawyer, who has some clients in this neighborhood. He found me the house."

"Oh! May I ask what is the lawyer's name?" asked Mrs. Sedgley eagerly

"Bradfield," answered Mrs. Toyne briefly. Then she glanced at the table. "You will wonder what I am about It is a childs frock I am cutting out. I am clever with my needle. I am hoping to get some work as a dressmaker here. Mr. Bradfield had heard from some source that there is an opening."

The two friends looked at one another, as much as to say they

Continued on fourth page.

"BACHELORS OF TIMIDITY"?

By Arthur H. Howland.

A friend whom I see frequently on the train has a very amusing, cheerful and optimistic view of life. He is something of a fault-fiinder, but he always finds fault with a rare sort of twinkle in his eye and a contagious smile on his lips, so that it is rather hard to scold him for his scolding. But about himself and about life in general, he is delightfully cheerful. Nothing worries him; he is successful; he has made his own success, and feels that he can make just about as much more success as he determines to go after. The things he has set out to do he has done. In his own words:

"Anything I want to push over I push over."

Yet he does not say it boastfully. It is with a good-humored sort of gratitude. He thinks other men could do about the same thing if they would make up their minds to doit.

But something he said the othnight surprised me more than ordinarily.

"I never worry," he said. "It's only the educoted man that worries. The uneducated man doesen't know enough to worry."

That was startling. I pressed him for explanation.

Why, yes," he assured me, "the educated man sees too much. He sees everything that might happen and gets scared. He thinks the chances against him are too big, so he gives up. The uneducated man doesn't see those things that might happen, and while the other man is figuring it out he goes in and gets it done."

That reminded me of one of my father's stories, which I forthwith told. It was about a General who wanted a bridge built in a hurry. Before he saw the proper engineering officer he happened upon the regiment's "handy man," who always knew how to do the right thing quick. The general told him the bridge must be built, and built in a hurry.

"I'll see the engineer," he added, "and he will send you the necessary blue prints."

The next day the general met the handy man again.

"How are you getting along with the bridge?" he asked.

"Oh, the bridge is built, sir," the man replied, "but I haven't got the pictures yet."

Now, about all this? Of course, the important thing is to get the bridges built, whether the pictures come along or not. But is it true that the educated man—by that I suppose my friend meant the college-trained-man—is too slow or too timid, and so lets the others slip ahead?

"An educated man can't succeed as a contractor," my friend went on. "Take those regulation Irish contractors. They don't sit down and figure things out. They jump at it. They see at a glance about how much the thing will cost. I knew one, for instance, who, when some one wanted him to bid on a building, would get the prospective owner to ride around the streets with him.

"'Does it look like that wan?' he would ask, pointing to a building.

"'Yes, something like that.'

"How many stories dh'ye say it'll have?"

"'Eight.'

"Pat remembers he built one about that size last month for eighty thousand dollars. This one to be slightly smaller.

"'I'll do it for sivinty-sivin thousand,' he says.

"'Done,' says the owner. And it's all over but driving the nails.

But is not my friend mistaken, as a matter of fact, as to the way most successful contracting is done? There are doubtless many contractors who succeed in this offhand, haphazard fashion, but it could probably not be demonstrated that the majority of successful contractors win their success by any other process than the ancient, honorable and laborious method of "counting the cost." The successful contractor keeps track of the market prices, knows how many men, working how many hours. can produce a certain amount of work. Inspiration and daring are not enough. He must have information as well. One of the most fascinating men in New York is a traffic specialist, who has worked out an amazingly comprehonsive and intricate system of finding out how trains, of how many cars, running at what headway, will be required to serve a certain section of any city. He figures out the population, he figures out what percentage travel, and where they travel, and when they travel. Then he will tell you how many trains you need, of how many cars, and how often they must run; how much it will all cost, and how much it will pay. But he does not guess at it; he does not reach it by intuition. He figures it out, and he is a graduate of Cornell.

The whole question of going or not going to college is too big to discuss in the limits of this space. Nor is there space to consider the proposition advanced and the experiments already made for changing the college curriculum. Mr. Johnson's book, Stover at Yale, in which he holds that the ordinary American college is an institution for the prevention of learning," has been vigorously attacked and to a considerable extent discredited, though it will doubtless do some good as a stimulus and a challenge.

My genial friend has made, by his objection and accusation, a distinct contribulation to the discussion. For the accusation becomes a positive bit of advice. Is it true that the ordinary college education has a tendency to make a man timid and, to make him slow? and if it does have such a tendency it ought to be c h a n g e d. And it is being changed. Education should make a man cautious, but it should also make him fearless. The football enthusiast will have a word to say here about the benefits of his specialty. To sum up, a real education should train a man to do his own thinking, to do it bravely, to do it quickly—and. of course (the one thing for which education has always stood), to do it correctly.

BILL.

Bill is only a dog—a great big, shaggy St. Bornard dog. He's but a dog, but he taught several of us a lesson in friendship on an Avondale (Cincinnati) car the other night. As the car rounded the corner onto Reading Road from Mitchell Avenue the motorman saw something dark lying on the track. Of course, he stopped. Then Bill made his first impression on those on the car. He arose with a bound from the car track and rushed to the side walk, barking all the time. Every one watched and saw Bill take a man's hand in his mouth and lead him over to the car. When the man and dog came into the halo of light that surrounded the car it could be plainly seen that his master was blind. Bill led him carefully to the open car and barked out his happiness when he saw his master comfortably seated. When the car started Bill never left the seat in which his master was sitting get a foot a head of his faithful nose. He ran like a deer along side the car, barking to let his master know that he was still on duty. When they reached Shillito Street the car stopped, and Bill stood on guard while his master climbed out. The last seen of the pair was when they disappeared in the darkness, the man's hand resting gently on Bill's shaggy back and Bill leading him home.
—Don Allen, in the Times Star.

It costs less to buy a screen door than to get sick and lay off for a month.

..If THE days seem long and weary it is an evidence that you have nothing to do.

..A PERSON who talks about his woes always wants the big end of the conversation.

OUR FATHERLESS ONES.
WM. LAURIE HILL. Editor.
Published weekly at One Dollar a Year.

Entered at the Postoffice at Barium Springs, as second-class matter.

PRESBYTERIAN ORPHANS' HOME.
REV. W. T. WALKER Supt. and Treas.
Barium Springs, - - North Carolina.

An Institution of the Presbyterian Synod of North Carolina for the Care of Orphan Children.

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Thursday, July 24 1913

GRADY'S PICTURES OF THE SOUTH

There is no more beautiful reading than Grady's Oration, wherein he describes a desolated and a re-habilitated South. We give these pathetic words as he spoke them years ago, and we have lived through it all, and to realize that he spoke with prophetic tongue.

The recent reunion of the Gray and the Blue at Gettysburg gives beautiful emphasis to all that Grady said.

After fifty years we are in deed, and in truth a united people dwelling together with little evidence of the dragon's teeth sown by the war.

"Let me picture to you the footsore Confederate soldier, as buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as ragged half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds, having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of comrades in silence, and lifting his tear-stained and pale face for the last time to the graves that dot old Virgania hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey. What does he find—let me ask you who went to your homes eager to find in the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for your four years' sacrifice—what does he find when, having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half so much as surrender, he reached the home he left so prosperous and beautiful? He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless, his social system, feudal in its manificence, swept away; his people without law or legal status; his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions are gone. Without money, credit, employment, material, or training; and besides all this, confronted with the greatest problem that ever met human intelligence—the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves. What does he do—this hero in gray with a henrt of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and dispair? Not for a day. Surely God, who has stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow, and fields that ran with red blood in April were green with the harvest in June; women reared in luxury cut up thrir dresses and made breeches for their husbands, and, with a patience and heroism that fit women always as a garment, gave their hands to work."

THE PASSING OF THE SHADOW.

"I see a South, the home of fifty millions of people, who rise up every day to call from blessed cities, vast hives of industry and thrift; her country-side the treasury from which her resources are drawn; her streams vocal with whirring spindles; her valleys trampled in the white and gold of the harvest; her mountains showering down the music of bells as her slow-moving flocks and herds go forth from their folds; her rulers honest and her people loving, and her homes happy and their hearthstones bright and their waters still, and their pastures green and her conscience clear; her wealth diffused and poor-houses empty; her churcees earnest and all creeds lost in, the Gospel. Peace and sobriety walking hand in hand through her borders; honor in her homes; uprightness in her midst; plenty in her fields; straight and simple faith in the hearts of her sons and daughters; her two races walking together in peace and contentment; sunshine everywhere and all the time, and night falling on her gently as from the wings of the unseen dove."

FIELD NOTES

There was an old song we often heard sung during our confederate war, and especially among the infantry troops, it was:

"If you want to have a good time,
'Jine the Cavalry." Each branch of the service thought that the other fellow, had the best time. Now we want in these piping days of peace, and plenty, to change the wording of our song, and sing, "If you want to have a good time, go to old Steel Creek church for there will be found genuine hospitality and a hearty welcome.

On last Friday afternoon, the writer was invited to accompany Mr. Parks Brown to his hospitable home near Steel Creek, where he was made to feel perfecectly at home, and on Saturday morning, his son, a bright and accomidating lad, drove me through the neighborhood. In the afternoon, his daughter Lorane, took her brother's place, and we did a good afternoon's work among the neighbors, stirring up "their pure minds by way of rememberance."

We called at the Manse and Brother Orr and his "gude wife," gave us "the glad hand" and insisted on my spending part of my time with them: So I was looked for Sunday dinner and supper.

Beautiful for situation is Steel Creek. It is a large brick edefice situated on a gentle elevation and has a beautiful lawn and abundant shade. Here worships the largest congregation of Presbyterians to be found in any country church in our Southern Assembly. There are probably more young people in this congregation, than in almost any Presbyterian church in Charlotte: and all seem to attend divine worship, and to enter into the true spirit of worship most reverently.

And oh what singing! they have a large and well trained choir, and as they have a large band, they have in use several instruments besides the organ, end the music is very sweet and beautiful.

It was my pleasure to present the cause of Our Fatherless Ones, to the Sunday school in the morning, and while I have now in sight only about 17 subscribers a committee of three has been appointed to get me up a club and I expect nothing less than 50 subscribers at Steel Creek.

They are a people who move with deliberation, but they always do what they plan to do.

Brother Orr gave me a dish of beautiful honey, Sister Orr gave me a bountiful supply of milk, so between the Browns and Orrs, I told them, I thought I had reached "the land of Goshen."

The night meeting was largely attended, many driving for miles by moonlight. And the greater part of the audience were young people. The subject for the evening was, "the Shepherd Psalm."

Brother Orr is doing a great work in this Gibraltar of country Presbyterianism.

Wm. Laurie. Hill.

Don't forget the Mooresville Picnic on July 31st. Come and bring all the family.

POPULAR EXCURSION

The Southern Railway will operate their Annual Popular Excursion on Tuesday, July 26th, this year. Special train will leave Marion, N.C,, at 3:30-pm that date and will take on passengers at all points Marion to Barber inclusivie and from the Norwood Branch, Special train will consist of both day coaches Pullman sleeping cars and will arrive Norfolk about 6:30-am July 31st. Two whole days and one night at the seashore, ample time to visit Virginia Beach, Ocean View, Newport News, Old Point Comfort, Hampton Roads, Fortress Monroe and many other points of interest in and around Norfolk. The following low round trip fare will apply from stations named:

Marion	$5.00
Bridgewater	5.00
Glen Alpine	5.00
Morganton	5.00
Connelly Springs	5.00
Hildebran	5.00
Hickory	5.00
Conover	5.00
Newton	5.00
Claremant	5.00
Catawba	50.0
Statesville	5.00
Taylorsville	5.25
Stony Point	5.25
Mocksville	5.00
Hiddenite	5.25
Barber	5.00
Norwood	5 25
Albemarle	5.25
Rockwell	5.00
Granite Quarry	4.75

Fares from all other points covered by this special train on the same basis. Pullman reservations should be made as far in advance as possible through either Agent at Marion, Hickory, or,

R. H. DeButts,
Division Passenger Agent,
Charlotte, N. C.

Mr. Clarence H. Poe is to make the address at the Mooresville Picnic on July 31st.

Atlanta, Ga., July 18.—Farmers in Western Alabama and Mississippi are making a determined and winning fight against the boll weevil and are being given loyal support by business men, declares Mr. T. O. Plunkett, Manager of the Department of Farm Improvement Work of the Southern Railway and affiliated lines, who in company with Mr. J. C. Williams, Assistant to President Finley, has just completed an inspection of farm conditions along the Southern Railway, the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, and the Alabama Great Southern Railroad in this territory.

"We did not find a community", says Mr. Plunkett, "where there is any excitement or the slightest sign of panic but every one is in line determined to produce cotton under boll weevil conditions. Thousands of adult weevils were destroyed while the cotton was small and where they escaped farmers are now destroying infected squares. On every hand we found appreciation of the efficient services of the agents of our department and farmers are generally heeding their advice in fighting the weevil. I have been in close touch with the boll weevil since 1900 and I believe that farmers in this territory have heeded the warning given them and will not suffer as did farmers further west."

"Farmers who have adopted the methods advocated by our agents are expecting increased yeilds in spite of the weevil, and with the determined fight now being waged, I see no reason why the general yield in this great section should not be normal, though individual farmers who have refused to take the advice of experts are sure to lose heavily."

Don't forget the Mooresville Picnic on July 31st. Come and bring all the family.

VACATION TIME

As the season of summer outing draws near, when mountain, seashore and valley resorts reap their annual golden harvest from the multitudes in search of recreation and physical reinvigoration, it is well to give heed to the timely note of warning that has been issued by several Health Boards which are co-operating in sanitary effort. Health Commissioner Lederle of New York, who may be accepted as an authority on sanitation, cautions vacationist to make sure of three things if they desire to benefit physically by their summer outing, viz., that the drinking water supply is pure, that the milk served at meals is uncontaminated, and that the place is not fly-infested as the result of carelessness in the kitchen, unclean stables, or objectionable surroundings. Impure water,, bad milk and flies are the three greatest typhoid-breeders. Of the 1,000,000 or more cases of typhoid occuring annually in the United States, a very considerable proportion is traceable to un hygienic conditions at rural resorts, although they do not usually develop until the victum is back in the to nwafter vacation. As the young are especially liable to this insidious danger, too much care cannot be exercised by parents and guardians. Absolute cleanliness is the latest word in science, and the summer camp, hotel or boarding-house, however attractive the surroundings, which makes no adequate effort to protect its guests from the dangers mentioned, cannot be patronized without positive peril.

Legal Talent Here

Mother—"I gave each of you boys an orange. Charles, you said you wouldn't eat yours till after dinner. And you, Jack, said the same- Have you deceived me?"

Charles—"No, mother, we didn't eat our oranges, I ate Jack's and he ate mine,"—Life.

Dont bolt your noonday lunch. Take time to eat it leisurely and to enjoy it. Food half chewed is hard to digest and does you but little good.

Here is an excellent breathing exeacise that should be induldged in at least twice a day.

Stand before an open window, or better, in the open air and raise the arms above the head, streaching as far as possible.

Take a long, deep breath while doing so, and with out bending the knees, grasp the ankles.

Then straighten and repeat the operation, says ten times at each performence.

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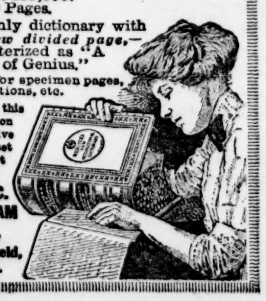

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All supplies sent by freight will be stopped at Barium Springs, if charges are prepaid. If charges are not prepaid, supplies should be sent to Troutman, N. C. To get supplies forwarded without charge, application must be previously made to the general manager of freight through your local agent.

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Form of Bequest

To the Presbyterian Orphans' Home, Barium Springs, N. C.: "I give, devise and bequeath to the Regents of the Orphans' Home of the Presbyterian Church of the State of North Carolina, the following: * * * * * *"

The will should be properly executed with two witnesses.

On the expiration of the time for which payment has been made for this paper it is legal to continue to send the paper for one year longer. After the one year the paper must stop by law.

Thursday, July 24, 1913

HOME HAPPENINGS

ACTION NEEDED

Rev. R. Murphy Williams continues to convass for the Equipment Fund, and is rendering most valuable services to the cause. He is meeting with good success wherever he goes, about $45,000.00 have been subscribed. The question of whether we get the amount needed, is largely a question of his having an opportunity to present the cause, and that of compliance with his efforts to this end. He is making strenuous efforts to wind up the campaign, as soon as possible, and has written repeatedly to our Pastors and Sessions to help him to do this. We would earnestly urge our Pastors and Sessions to respond to his entreaties, and let him hear from you as soon as possible, as to what can be counted on from your churches. A large number of churches have not responded to his appeals at all.

Prompt action on this matter is most earnestly needed and desired. We would ask that every church, that has not contributed to this object will let Mr. Williams know what they will do at once.

Fraternally yours,
W. T. Walker,
Supt.

This Mooresville Picnic is going to be a record breaker.

Rev. L. L. Moore writes that the Ladies of the church at Taylorsville will do some canning for the Home, as there is such a scarcity of fruit this offer is doubly acceptable. If there are other friends of our children who can do the same thing we shall be greatly obliged, as we have practically no fruit.

Rev. H. L. Ross our missionary from Lenare was here Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. Our people enjoyed having him very much.

Clarence Poe is one of the younger men in our State that is making people "Sit up and take notice. Come to the Picnic and hear him.

We are glad to put on our exchange list "Manufacturers Record" of Baltimore. A weekly publication, which is a leading authority upon Industrial, Financial, Railroad Mining, Contracting and Business interests generally. We do not know of any publication that more thoroughly covers so vast a field of industries, and the reader will be we well informed who often consults its well filed pages.

Don't forget the Mooresville Picnic on July 31st Come and bring all the family.

We are glad to report that we are installing a mailing list that will simplify our mailing, and give our Subscribers, a weekly reminder of the date to which they are paid. These improvements greatly facilitate business, and we hope gradually to get such an equipment, as shall enable us to give Our Readers an increasingly Valuable paper.

SUPPORT FUND.

We would call attention to the Sunday Schools, to the fact that the 4th Sunday is the regular Sunday for the taking of the collections of the Orphanage, and would ask that the Superintendents of our schools would lay this matter forcibly upon the hearts of our people. Regularly our Support Fund is smaller at this season of the year, than at any other time, and it is important that our friends should properly protect it.

There have been but small returns from the June collection this year. The churches not using the Budget System, it appears have done, but little for the cause during this month And very few of the churches which are using the Assembly's Plans. have contributed anything for the Support Fund for the current year. We would remind our people generally that Our Orphans' need support, and would request that you let us hear from you.

Superintendent.

This Mooresville Picnic is going to be a record breaker.

The July Bulletin of our State Board of Health is received and is full of interest.

It decides the contest for a name for that picture of the baby and the fly eating together. It was.

"How long shall we eat together?" We had intended contesting for that prize, but press of business drove it out of mind. It would have been Something like this.

"Spare the fly and spoil the child" The Bulletin is always a welcome vistor.

Don't forget the Mooresville Picnic on July 31st Come and bring all the family.

Our Annual Press Association meets in Asheville N. C. on the 23-24 and 25th of this month and we are looking for the time of our lives, for Our President Mr. Caine, is going "to put the big pot in the little one,"

Mr. Hill and Mr. Rudy expect to attend, so as we are hunting in couples, it will be perfectly safe to go to Asheville, the land of Moonshine as well as sunshine.

Our new Depot at Barium Springs, is a beauty and when it puts on its garment of paint will be the handsomest station on the line for it size. We have two waiting rooms and a freight department and office. Some nice grading has been done around the tracks and the Stations yard is to have crushed granite over it so as to give a clean bright appearence to all the surroundings. Our Road-master Mr. A. A. Wells of Winston Salem seems to have taken a liking to us, and Mr. J. C. Parish the Carpenter foreman has looked after every detail: While every youngman on the force seemed determined to do his level best. So the result is a station that will be talked about.

Many thanks to the Southern.

Don't forget the Mooresville Picnic on July 31st. Come and bring the whole family.

This week has been the very hottest of this season. The Mercury has been climbing away up into the 90s and we are longing for refreshing showers to cool the hot air we are breathing.

We have received Good Roads Circular No 94, which tells about the meeting of the North Carolina Good Roads Association at Morehead City July 31st and Aug 1st.

Four happy tots left us on Saturday morning for their vacations. Harold, Rod, and Geneva Perry to visit their mother at Rosendale: and our Curly LocksIda Belle Bowman, to spend a little time with Miss Barnette who goes for a vacation to her old home at Huntersville.

Mr. Clarence H. Poe is to make the address at the Mooresville Picnic on July 31st.

..SOME folks seem to think they are endowed with judicial faculties of mind for the single purpose of condemning others.

A Good Feature

Adding machines are operated by all kinds of people. They are sometimes operated by careless people—boys, young girls, etc. They don't always watch to see whether the paper is coming out right or not.

We make a careless operator's carriage for just that purpose.

We have what we call a keyboard-lock

When the paper has reached a point where you know it will run out of the machine, then the amount keys on the keyboard refuse to operate any further, thus notifying you that you are at the end of the sheet.

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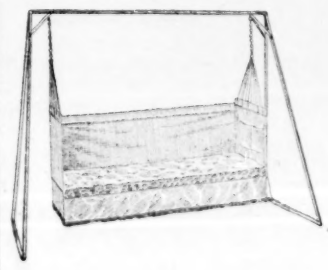

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We can take an empty house and Make it a Paradise.

Try us.

Lubin Furniture CO.

SPEAK YE COMFORTABLE WORDS.

continued from page one

had made a mistake. Yet Mrs, Toyne, who spoke with perfect simplicity and frankness, looked like a lady. and the hands lying lightly on her lap where a gentlewoman's hands.

"Ah, I beiieve there might be for a thoroughly capable person," said Mrs. Sedgley officiously. "It is hard for you is it not? A—a—widow, I suppose?"

"No," answered Mrs. Toyne quietly. "I am not a widow,"

"Then is Mr. Toyne here with you? Does he go up to the City every day?"

A faint, a very faint smile seemed to flit across Mrs. Toyne's characteristic mouth.

"On, no! My husband is a long way from here. He is abroad at present."

"Indefinitely?"

"Yes, quite indefinitely. I have to get my own living meanwhile, and if you can put anything in my way I shall be glad. I have three little children to support, and my private income is very, very small."

Nothing could exceed the bald candour of these remarks; but they merely deepened the mystery of Mrs. Toyne, for having said so much, she said no more. and all Mrs. Sedgley's attempts to break down the partition failed. The call lasted about ten minutes, and when the ladies left they hardly waited to get beyond the gate before they rushed into comment.

"Very strange, don't you think, Mrs. Newcombe?"

"Oh , very, something quite shady and probably unmentionable: a woman with a past. I should say. I'll tell the General so."

"And I'll tell the Rector I have done my duty, but that it must end there," said Mrs. Sedgley firmly. "I may send her a bit of needlework or some vegetables from the garden, but it must end there!"

It did not end. however, for Mrs. Sedgley's tongue was without end. Before a week had closed, poor Mrs. Toyne had very little character left.

But the opinion, favourable or the reverse, of Great Biglow was of small consequence to her. When Mrs. Sedgely beheld her kneeling at the altar rails at early communion one Sunday she felt it her duty to talk seriously to the Rector.

"Don't you think you should try and flind out something about the woman before you administer communion to her, Gilbert? It might be quite all wrongr I don't think you are doing your duty."

"The responsiblity is not mine in this case, Arabella," he answered, with unusual asperity. "So far as I know, there is nothing against Mrs. Toyne. and there is something in her face which appeals to one. I wish you would try and be kind, instead of judging her beforehand. You might speak a comfortable word to her, and of her now and again, instead of trying to prejudice people against her."

Mrs. Sedgley heard the rebuke, but it made small impression. She thought her husband soft, and had no idea how he mourned in secret over her shortcomings. Mrs. Toyne obtained the work she desired, because skilled labour can everywhere command its market value, but Mrs. Sedgley took care of her social position. She was ostracised in Great Biglow, where she remained for a whole year. At the end of that time something happened which astonished those who heard the ins and outs of it.

One morning at breakfast General Newcombe looked up from his letters to address his wife.

"Say, Maud, old Brabizon is coming down from the War Office to-day, and invites himself to lunch."

',Oh, how nice! I must order something special."

"You needn't. His tastes are Spartan, as you know. Odd, isn't it; he's coming down on some business connected with Mrs. Toyne at Great Bar Cottage?"

"Mrs. Toyne! What does he say about her?"

"Nothing. Simply says he'll run out here first, if we can meet him. and that he will see her on the way back to the station."

"It sounds inexplicable. Could —could Mrs. Toyne's husband by any chance have been in the army?"

"Brabizon may tell us, and again he may not; but I must say here that I think it perfectly abominable the way you and that Sedgley woman have treated Mrs Toyne. Why, anybody could see that she is a lady."

What would the feelings of the Rector's wife have been could she have heard herself alluded to by General Newcombe as "that Sedgley woman"? About four o'clock that afternoon she had a call from Mrs. Newcombe, who appeased distinctly agitated.

"My dear, we have made a most frightful mistake about Mrs. Toyne. I've come to tell you."

"What?" asked Mrs. Sedgley, with a postive gasp.

"Her husband is in the army, a major in the ninety-seventh. Something happened in India to get him under a cloud, and they were smashed up, don'tyou know, socially. But it's all come out. and he has been shielding somebody else, somebody in high quarters. We have had Sir Arthur Brabizon from the War Office to-day, He came to see Mrs. Toyne, and. of course, Major Toyne will be reinstated. Sir Arthur did say something about the King wishing to see them both."

"Mrs. Toyne too. do you mean?"

"Yes; and Sir Arthur talked of her as if she was something quite beyond the reach of ordinary women. A pity, isn't it?"

Mrs. Sedgley's face went a little grey, and she recalled two things—a strange, wrung look of sadness she had seen on Mrs. Toyne's face at the early communion service, and words of a weird text from Ezekiel her husband had preached from the same day, "Speak ye comfortable words,"

"But we can't do anything, Mrs. Newcombe. We could hardly call now, could we, and try to be friendly?"

"Oh. no; besides, she's going tomorrow. Nothing can be done at all; but I wish it hadn't happened."

"People shouldn't masquerade," said Mrs. Sedgley vigorously. But her lesson did her good.

HOG PRODUCTION IN THE SOUTH.

Atlanta, Ga., June 26,- In the effort to encourage Southern farmers to raise more hogs, the Southern Railway, through its live Stock Department, has issued a booklet entitled, "Hog Production and Conditions for Success in the South," a copy of of which will be funished on request by F. L. Word, Live Stock Agent, Atlanta, Ga.

The booklet contains much practical and valuable information as to the care and feeding of hogs, selections of breeds, treatment of diseases, and cutting and curing meat. Chapters on each subject have been supplied by experts.

That the South consumes more pork and raises less than any other part of the United States despite the fact that pork can be produced more cheaply in the South than in the North or West. is a well know fact and a condition that greatly impedes the progress of the section. The long open season and the great variety of food crops at his command give the Southern farmer the opportunity to make more money raisng hogs than is possible in any other territory.

The Live Stock Department of the Souther Railway devotes its efforts entirelv to stimulating interest in live stock raising in the territory along the Southern Railway and the services of its experts are available without charge of any kind to any Farmer or other person interested in live stock.

THE FIRST CANDLESTICK.

The first candlestick was a boy He sat in the corner of a Scotish kitchen holding a piece of fir candle in his hands. from time to time cutting and trimming it ao make it burn brightly. The fir candle was a length of wood cut from a kind of fir tree which is found embedded in the peat This kind of candle is still used in some parts of Scotland. It usually fell to the lot of the "Herd laddies" to act the part of candlestick: but should a beggar ask for a might's lodging, he wae expected to relieve the "herd laddie" of his duty. A candlestick is still called, in Aberdeenshire, a "puir man," or "poor man."—Childs hour.

A Base Stratagem

"Can't we get Johnny to take this medicine?" asked the father.

"I think we can," replied the mother, "if we drop it into the preserves and then pretend we have forgotten to lock them up."

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Boys and children shoes. The biggest line of children shoes in the Carolinas, made by Goodman and Co. every pair guaranteed to give satisfaction- all leather, solid inner and outer soles, all sizes widths etc.

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in search of health. Many go and return happy. Chemists say the water is
Radio Active
which explains it's wonderful history in curing Eczema, Rehumatism, Kidney and Blood diseases. Children often cured in a few days. Barium Lodge is now managed by owners and it is always open.

If you can't come now, let us send you four gallons of water for $1.00.

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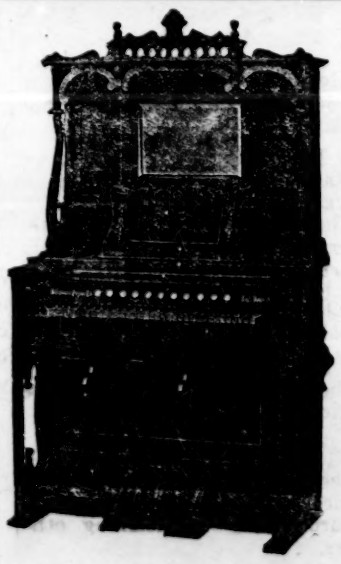
BARIUM SPRINGS COMPANY,
BARIUM SPRINGS. NORTH CAROLINA

Fertilizers Virginia-Carolina Chemical Co.
Use Virginia-Carolina Fertilizers *and* "Increase Your Yield per Acre"



One of the many styles mad by us.

If no one in your town is selling our organs, write us for our illustrated catalog.

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HIGH POINT, N. C.
MANUFACTURERS OF
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